

Amazing

by KryptikPen101

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Summary: A re-telling of how Peter Parker becomes Spider-Man along with new adventures and enemies. Read onwards to see what trouble Spidey gets into and feel free to review, it's appreciated.

1. Prologue - Lonely

I wanted my parents. That's all I could remember about that day. I was sent to my Aunt May and Uncle Ben's house as a small child, I'm not even completely sure that I remember how old I was. I blocked it out of my memory as soon as I could. I vaguely recall being a small boy, and my mom and dad dropped me off and my aunt and uncle's house, and they left without even saying goodbye. I was taken in, their cozy house wrapping me in this constant loving warmth that would surround me for almost my entire life.

I learned that my parents died. It was a long time after I was given up to my aunt and uncle, but I remember seeing an old newspaper article about it. I was digging through Uncle Ben's old stuff, and found that article. I remember that. Everything. The atrocious headline that read, "RICHARD AND MARY PARKER, SPIES OR SCIENTISTS?" I learned that it was a plane crash. I never bothered to figure out the reason, I decided to leave it alone. I attempted to forget it, everything about it. If I ignored and forgot about it, it couldn't hurt my and overall I would be able to live a more positive life. Unfortunately for me, it didn't work that way, because I can still picture everything about it so perfectly. It scares me sometimes, when I try to sleep at night.

It was tough living with my aunt and uncle originally, but of course I got used to it. After all, I prefer it over being homeless and broke. I grew up, going to kindergarten and coming home each day excited to see them. My tiny little face would just glow in excitement as I raced towards Aunt May's comforting hugs. I would let them envelop me and I would giggle, then she would take my hand and

walk me to our relatively small home in Queens, New York.

I would be in my room for the rest of the night doing homework, and once I completed my schoolwork and projects, I would do more. Little five-year-old Peter Parker on his family desktop PC making art or writing or researching math equations on the internet. I was always like that. I could calculate the slope of a line on a graph before I knew how to read a three word sentence. I was naturally drawn to math, and then I became interested in science. That's how I got to where I am today. Although, that's for later.

Aunt May and Uncle Ben both knew that something was up when I made a robot out of a Coke can and some silly stringâ€|oh, and the computer. We didn't get a new one for a while. Whoops. By the time I was ten I was doing incredibly large math equations from a college textbook for fun in my free time, and I was reading at a tenth grade reading level.

Usually this isn't relevant, and I know I don't even give any of it a second thought when I was that age, but now looking back I'm able to see that it was. Currently I am a whopping thirty two years old, and am just now pondering all of the things from my past. However, I go to the streets each and every day here in Queens. Nothing too interesting happens here.

There is the obvious, and basically required, pointless crime that can be petty or dangerous, but then proceeds to be resolved and forgotten in a matter of hours. There are the usual bad guys who never learn, but I'm used to it

Other than that, I'm just a smart guy who enjoys doing the right thing and does his best to stay out of trouble. From what I've seen, I'm not too good at that that. I don't enjoy being in the background as much as I used to, so what would be the point in being there if I could have the spotlight? I'm awesome anyways, so why not make it known?

Sadly, I can tell you don't care that no one is interested in my dead parents or my fragile aunt or deceased uncle, so I'll move on. The part people want to know. How it all began. What day did it happen? Did anyone cause it? Yes, I understand people are curious. So now I present to you the story of how I became the Spider-Man.

2. Chapter One - Escape

It was another day at Midtown High School. I entered the building after rushing to get my clothes on, making it just in time, not even a minute before the bell rang. The building that surrounded me was a bit dull, with not much around me when I walked in. There was a random banner with the school mascot, along with a few trophy cases, but other than that it seemed like just a massive cluster of hallways and doors. The place was very grayscale other than a few random motivational posters, and half of the walls were chipped, as this was a very old school, built in the 60s.

I trudged through the hallway, fixing my dark horn-rimmed glasses as I walked to class. My hair fell into my face, but I was practically too tired to care. The place had a distinct order like a clash between an uncleaned fitness gym and skunk spray, and everywhere I

looked people gave me nasty looks and glares. I managed to get to my locker, spinning the lock to enter my code before opening up the dull blue door. I struggled to retrieve my books, but got them quickly, attempting to avoid a confrontation by another school jerkwad.

As I walked away from my locker and into homeroom, Flash, the most stereotypical popular jock kid, approached me.

"Sup Parker," he says, chuckling as he gets in my face.

"Hello, there, Flash," I say in my most monotone voice.

"So, how are your pictures going, buddy?"

"They're great," I managed to force out before he grabbed my camera from around my neck, pulling it off and breaking the strap. I sighed as he began looking through the pictures. He laughed and ridiculed my pictures, until he began randomly shooting pictures as he did tricks with the camera, similar to what most people do with basketballs.

"How about you stop and give my camera back, dude?" I said, looking him dead in the eye.

"Does poor Peter Parker want his camera back? Seems like so! Sorry then, bud!"

I was confused for a moment before he turned and threw the camera down the hallway. As it whipped through the air, I heard people yell as they ducked for cover, trying to avoid getting pelted with a huge brick of a camera. After going a decent ten to fifteen feet, it crash landed on one of the walls, shattering into multiple pieces and making an obnoxiously loud noise.

I simply sighed and rubbed my face, trying not to get angry. "You know what Flash, don't you have something better to do than breaking people's possessions? I mean, it truly would benefit you to study. That football scholarship won't mean too much if you can barely spell your own name," I said sarcastically, giving a cocky grin towards Flash as I fixed my hair, swiping it back over to the left and ruffling it once more.

This apparently made him upset. Pro Tip: Don't make bullies upset. His entire face turned red as he attempted to spit out a comeback, although he was so blinded by rage that it came out a jumbled mess like something you would hear in The Sims. He cracked his neck and did a quick knuckle crunch as his veins popped. His spiky faux hawk was basically shaking, just like his fist. Great, I was about to get knocked out.

"What are you going to do, _buddy_?" I asked quickly.

"Don't call me that, Parker, or you'll get hit even harder."

"Sorry. Excuse me, Mister Eugene Thompson, if you would mind explaining your current thought process, along with your planned course of action and strategy, it would be highly appreciated in order for me to calculate basic things such as the trajectory of your arm, the angle in which my jawline will be hit at, and approximately how many punches I will be able to last through before passing out,

given that your movement, momentum, and force go at a constant speed and rate. Was that better?"

This is what as known as asking for it. Pro Tip: Don't ask to be hit by one of the strongest and angriest people in a confined school building that holds thousands of adolescents. Flash's beet red arm wound up, and knocked me straight in the nose. I instantly collapsed, screaming in pain. I knew it would hurt, but _wow_! I got to my knees, tears streaming down my face. I exhaled deeply and stood, cracking my back in the process.

"Okay," I said, attempting to control the blood spewing from my nostrils. I glanced up at Flash, who's redness was fading, and who's smile just kept getting bigger. It turns out, when they heard him yell, everyone in the hall, including Gwen Stacy, decided to watchâ€and most laughed. Actually, everyone _except_ Gwen was cackling hysterically, which confused me. I wasn't sure whether to be happy that she wasn't amused, or simply embarrassed because I was standing with a bloody nose and bruised face as she watched me. I decided on a third option: to not care and go see the nurse immediately.

Well, it turns out that I chose wisely. I scurried through the complex maze of hallways, and bolted into the nurse's office. It was generally white, with multiple medical posters everywhere. The kinds that you would see in hospitals, even though they held no importance to a school nurse. It smelled of rubbing alcohol and was freezing, but I sat down anyway, blood still trickling down the front of my face.

A few minutes after looking at the pale, wannabe hospital room, the nurse came in.

"Hello, Peter, what happened this time?"

After you get punched by Flash around twelve times a week, you begin to know the school nurse more than you know your own family. Her name was Miss Nostaw, and she was this small older lady who you could tell just adored children. She had this greyish hair tied up in a bun, and she always wore pink outfits because she said that she wanted to feel more youthful. She sat down across from the makeshift hospital bed I was on in her rolling doctor's chair.

"Well, is it anything new?"

"No, same thing."

"Peter, please start taking care of yourself, you worry me."

"Don't be worried, Ms. Nostaw, I'll be okay."

She had this jubilant grin on her face, as if me reassuring her just made her perfectly content. She handed me some basic supplies to help my nosebleed, along with a peppermint for me to suck on.

Ms. Nostaw offered to let me stay in the nurse's office, but I said I had to go. I thanked her and she sent me away with a generous hug before I left the school. I strolled through the hall and left, exiting the school with a nose full of dried blood.

Unsure of where to head off to, I mad up my mind to simply walk home. I must've looked weird with my bloody nose, dirty and ripped blue skinny jeans, and my now bloodstained hoodie jacket. As I walked I looked at the ground, beginning to think. I wasn't sure what to do, not only in school but life as a whole. Everyday it was the same thing, wake up exhausted, go to school feeling like garbage, get hit by Flash, go to nurse's office, walk to some random place in Queens. I was tired of it and frankly I was done with it, and wanted nothing to do with it anymore.

So after that, I headed to a place I'd never really gone before. It was the science museum, a relatively new one. It was apparently ran by Norman Osborne, a massively successful billionaire

who could by mansions as if they were packs of gum. I walked through the dark, desolate area before finding an actual road. After I found the road, I followed it for maybe around ten minutes before I saw a sign indicating where the museum was. I walked in that direction and not even two minutes later I had arrived.

The museum looked as if it was an ancient temple. It was a pale shade of brown, almost a sandy peach color, and was made out of stone with realistic looking columns, Greek Ionic Columns more specifically. The entire thing was beautiful, and there was a massive crowd waiting to get in. I admired the building from afar, looking at it's wonderful beauty before approaching the line. I honestly didn't feel like waiting, so I began slowly shuffling up to the front, unnoticed by the security guards or customers. I managed to slip in nearly instantly as opposed to waiting an hour.

The coolest thing people had said about the museum is that there was both a scientific museum and a historical museum within the singular building. I enjoyed both thoroughly but made the choice to enter the scientific museum exhibits.

When I first entered the room, all I saw was white, a blinding white. It calmed down soon enough, though. The most noticeable feature that I saw upon entering the room was a giant sign that read, "GENETICALLY ENGINEERED ANIMALS" so of course I was basically morally required to investigate it like the complete science nerd that I was. I walked over to it, my footsteps echoing through the room with every individual step. I adjusted my glasses and swept my messy hair out of my face. Honestly, I loved my hair, but it was a pain. It was sort of spiky and choppy, a sort of short fringe coming down across the left side of my face at a very uneven angle. It was also chopped and ruffled at the top, so it gave a sort of spiked appearance.

After fixing my clothes and hair, I went to the very left of the glass case. There was a huge encasement of glass, divided into 27 equally sized boxes, each one containing a different genetically modified animal. The array had three boxes down and nine across, each horizontal row containing different genetically enhanced variations of the template species. For instance, whilst looking through the blue tinted glass I noticed that the first row contained spiders, the second one held ants, and the third held frogs.

I felt my right pocket begin vibrating violently, and reached down to get my cell phone. I pulled it out of my jeans and saw that I was getting a call from an unknown number. I decided to ignore it, but the fact that it was blocked made me slightly suspicious. What made

me even more suspicious, and even a little nervous, was when a random number, the one I presumed to have called me seconds before, sent my iPhone a text reading, "Be Careful."

3. Chapter Two - Pain

My palms began to sweat. Who could've gotten my number? I made a risky decision, but I responded with a simple "Who is this?" which hopefully wouldn't get me assassinated. Yeah, I'm a little jumpy and paranoid about mysterious texts, and am very easily scared.

Seconds afterwards, I got another text. "_This is Gwen from school. I saw what happened and I got your number from your Aunt and Uncle, hopefully that's alright with you."_

Wow. "_Oh okay, yeah that's okay, I was just confused for a moment, and thank you for asking, but everything is fine, just not feeling too great at the moment._"

She told me to let her know if I needed to talk, which I thought was awesome. I was nervous to reply, as I was scared of coming off as awkward or creepy. I really liked Gwen, and didn't want a bloody nose caused by Flash to end the possibility of getting with her.

Now, back to awesome science. I read the description of every single spider in each case, as they interested me the most. I just liked how the multiple variations could do different things, and thought it was very intriguing. One of them, labeled "Experimental Fantasy Arachnid No. 15-1962" caught my eye rather quickly. It appeared to be a relatively small, yet powerful spider. The description explained that it has one of the strongest webs of any spider, and is the fastest spider on the planet. It was a shade of indigo, with a red interlocking diamonds pattern on it's abdomen. I marveled at it for a lengthy period of time, before deciding to snap a picture.

I went to grab the camera from around my neck, until I remembered the reason I was here anyway. Flash broke my camera. Then I got to take pictures with my phone, which I truly did not want to do, but I really wanted a picture of this spider. I opened up my camera app, and selected my settings. Aiming it up and flipping the phone into the landscape position, I was nearly ready to take the picture. My thumb had almost hit the capture button when a staff employee in a long white lab coat came up to me.

He barked, "No photos!" as I pressed the button.

I was not expecting that at all, so I got very frightened, to the point where I twitched as I hit the capture button, causing my phone to fling out of my hands and land in a very bad spot. It flew threw the glass cases, causing the entire display to shatter and glass to go everywhere on the floor. I gasped, and jumped away in fear. I can't deny that I'm cowardly, but this was a whole new level. I looked like a terrible ballerina, attempting to not step on any of the spiders. I mainly hoped none of them were crawling on me or the employee, but he was too busy flipping out over the glass instead of containing nine genetically modified arachnids. I probably should've gotten that guy fired.

I felt a few crawl on me and began spastically shaking my body,

hoping to launch them off of me. I'm not this much of a coward, they're just bugs. I took a few deep breaths before being interrupted by a sharp pain in my neck, causing me to drop to my knees and freak out. Soon what seemed like an army of staff came and helped me up, making sure no spiders were on me and that I was free to go. I was cleared and ditched that place as quick as I could. I love science just as much, and probably more, than the next guy but I only like spiders when they are in containers, because I have severe arachnophobia.

I began my journey home like any other journey. I walked through the streets of Queens, head down and hands in hoodie pockets. My hoodie covered up my black T-shirt, but I was okay with this, because the jacket was read with a blue inner lining, and it simply looked awesome, at least it did to me.

As I was about halfway home, I ended up receiving a text from Gwen again. "_Hey, sorry if I'm bugging you, but I was thinking about your situation with Flash, and wanted to tell you that if you ever need anything from him, tell me, I used to tutor him so he'll listen to me. And remember, I'm available if you ever need to talk, Peter._"

That was reassuring. At least none of his scumminess rubbed off on Gwen. I replied with a quick "_Okay, I will, and thank you once again._" before putting my phone away and heading back to my Aunt and Uncle's house.

When I arrived, the house looked as it always did. It was a simple suburban house, brick with a wooden porch and fencing, along with polished wooden columns and stairs leading to the top of the porch. It was a lighter type of wood, but not quite white, and created a good contrast with the nearly crimson-colored bricks that the remainder of the house was composed of. I walked up the stairs and decided to sit on the porch swing for a minute or two, as I didn't know if Aunt May or Uncle Ben had been informed about the incident at the museum. I was honestly lucky that I wasn't banned from there.

I got up and headed inside. Aunt May and Uncle Ben were sitting on the couch in the living room with concerned looks on their faces. I took off my blue and red jacket and set it on the arm of

the couch before taking a seat next to my Aunt and Uncle.

Uncle Ben was the first one to break the ice. "Look Peter, I hate doing this, because you're a good kid, but what happened?"

"Uncle Ben, I'm sorry, it was an accident."

"Oh no, I haven't even gotten there yet, mister."

I went silent.

"You know not to start fights, I've told you this. If you are getting picked on, either ignore it, walk away, or tell someone. Don't try to make them fight you, Peter."

"I didn't try to make him hit me, I just made him mad with something I said and he punched me."

"Still, I'm not sure what consequences will happen at school but be careful. As for the museum, you will pay a third of the bill, 250 dollars, and you will have it by the sixteenth of May, a month from now."

"Okay."

"Now, get to your room right this minute."

Aunt May nodded as I grabbed my jacket and walked lazily up the stairs. I began to feel quite tired, so I decided to lie down on my bed. I decided to play a game on my phone, and ended up doing that for a little while before deciding to change into sleeping clothes.

I undressed quickly and grabbed my baggiest T-shirt and thinnest pair of pants, slipping them on as fast as I could. I began feeling stressed, I had school tomorrow, and I might get in trouble. Flash has a rich family, so they basically pay the school to keep him out of trouble, meaning the blame will almost definitely be put on me for absolutely no logical reason.

I flopped back on my bed, ruining my hair as I ran my fingers through it, throwing it out of my face. I exhaled deeply whilst plugging my phone in to charge overnight as I slept. I set my alarms and triple-checked that the volume was at it's maximum before setting it on my nightstand next to my full sized bed.

The rest of my room was pretty bland, with white walls and a grey carpet. I had one or two ripped posters on the wall, and my desk was in the corner holding my writing utensils, tools, and even my MacBookPro.

After finishing my glance, I set my phone down, shut the door, and turned on to my right side as I drifted off into a sleep state. Snoring loudly, I slept throughout the night, only attempting to imagine what would happen to me the next day, Friday, at school.

That's when I fell asleep.

End
file.